

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, CORNER OF CENTRE ALLEY &amp; MARKET STREET.

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To which they respectfully invite the attention  
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All kinds of country produce taken in exchange  
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Philad. April 1, 1848—

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HENRY COULTER.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and  
the public, that he constantly keeps on  
hand a large assortment of chairs, willow  
Coaches, Chairs, Crockery, market and travelling  
baskets, and every variety of basket work  
manufactured.

Country Merchants and others who wish to  
purchase such articles, good and cheap, would  
do well to call on him, as they are all manu-  
factured by him in the best manner.

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of Fine Fancy Goods, Gold pens of every quality,  
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and materials.

Agency for the Manufacturer of Glaziers Dia-  
monds.

Orders per mail (post paid) will be punctually  
attended to.

Philadelphia, April 1, 1848—7

**MEYER'S**  
**FIRST PREMIUM PIANO FORTES.**

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed agent  
for the sale of CONRAD MEYER'S CELE-  
BRATED PREMIUM ROSE WOOD PIANOS,  
of this place. These Pianos have a plain, mas-  
sive and beautiful exterior finish, and for depth  
of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not  
surpassed by any in the United States.

These instruments are highly approved of by  
the most eminent Professors and Composers of  
music in this and other cities.

For qualities of tone, touch and keeping in  
tune upon Concert pitch, they cannot be surpassed  
by either American or European Pianos.

Suffice it to say that Madame Castellan, W. V.  
Walters, Vienna Temple, and his sister, the cele-  
brated Pianist, and many others of the most dis-  
tinguished performers, have given these instru-  
ments preference over all others.

They have also received the first notice of the  
three last Exhibitions, and the Silver Medal  
by the Franklin Institute in 1843, was awarded  
to them, which, with other premiums from the  
same source, may be seen at the Ware-room No. 22  
south Fourth st.

For the best Piano in the exhibition, awarded to C.  
Meyer, by the Franklin Institute, Oct. 1845 for  
the best Piano in the exhibition.

Again—at the exhibition of the Franklin In-  
stitute, Oct. 1846, the first premium and medal was  
awarded to U. Meyer for his Piano, although it  
had been awarded at the exhibition of the year  
before, on the ground that he had made still greater  
improvements in his instruments within the  
past 12 months.

Again—at the last exhibition of the Franklin  
Institute, 1847, another Premium was awarded  
to C. Meyer, for the best Piano in the exhibition.  
At Boston, at their last exhibition, Sept. 1847,  
C. Meyer received the first silver Medal and Di-  
ploma, for the best square Piano in the exhibition.

These Pianos will be sold at the manufac-  
turer's lowest Philadelphia price, if not something  
lower. Persons are requested to call and exam-  
ine for themselves, at the residence of the sub-  
scriber.

H. B. MASSER.

Sunbury, April 8, 1848—

**THE CHEAP**  
**Brush, Comb and Variety**  
**STORE.**

ROCKS AND BROTHER,  
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS.

AND DEALERS IN COMBS & VARIETIES  
No. 10 Third, below Rine St. and North  
East corner of Third and Market streets,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Where they offer for sale a great assort-  
ment of all kinds of Brushes, Combs and  
various other articles, which are determined to sell  
Lower than can be purchased elsewhere.

Country Merchants and others purchasing in  
the above line will do well to their advantage to  
call before purchasing elsewhere, as the quality  
and prices will be fully guaranteed against all  
competition.

Philadelphia, June 3, 1848—17

## SELECT POETRY.

(From the Lady's Wreath.)  
THE TEAR, OR CONSOLATION.

Translated from the French of Lamartine.

BY HON. ELLIS LEWIS.

Descend, thou silent tear,  
On Earth's cold bosom fall;

No pious hands are near,  
No friends on whom to call.

Fall, like the pattering rain,  
On rocks, from towering sky,

Where sun is never seen,  
Or wind, to wipe thee dry.

What care my fellow men  
For my poor heart's deep woe;

Too far above my pain,  
My distant griefs to know.

They're free from doubts or cares;  
No clouds their sky shall fall;

Their future has no fears;  
Their cup is free from gall.

Thy crowd, with frivolous noise,  
Move on, in laughing glee;

They need no pitying voice,  
To say, "I weep with thee!"

When friendship turns away,  
Forgetful of her bond;

Thy staff, that was my stay,  
Gives way and tears the hand;

When man, as frail in faith,  
To shun contagious woe,

Deserts our dreary path,  
And leaves us to the foe;

The gloomy future bears  
No promise for to-morrow;

The taste of bitter tears  
Is the sole bread of sorrow:

'Tis then Thy power relieves  
The silence of my breast;

'Tis then Thy Hand removes  
The icy weight that presses'd.

Thy tender Word, too pure  
To mix with Earth's vain strife,

Comes Lord, with solace sure,  
When all is lost in life.

Thy Heavenly Love beguiles  
Our woes, like friend's embrace,

The world, which sees our smiles,  
Their source can never trace.

In prayer dissolve the soul,  
And mingle with the skies,

Our tears no longer roll;  
Thy Grace has dried our eyes—

As sunlight, in the glow,  
On branch and rocky glade,

Breaks through, and dries the rain  
That lingered in the shade.

(Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.)  
GEN'L TAYLOR—HIS PERSONAL AP-  
PEARANCE AND MANNERS.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 4, 1848.

As you may well suppose, the recent visit  
of Gen. Taylor to this city created an im-  
mense sensation. Everybody in N. Orleans of  
course had often seen the old hero, but not an  
individual of them all had set eyes upon the  
President of the republic. Of course, every-  
body must see Gen. Taylor over again, as if  
—as indeed is the case—some new splendor  
was suddenly attached to so popular a per-  
sonage. Such a hurrying to and fro—such a  
running among office-holders and office seek-  
ers—such long faces and bright faces—ah you  
can better imagine than I describe the scene  
that followed his landing from the boat.

Wearing his usual military coat and cap, he  
quietly took his way on foot to his quarters;  
but the moment the word went round, "There's  
Old Zack," he had such an escort that he  
found it almost impossible to put one foot  
before the other. The old General was ob-  
liged to carry his cap in his hand, bowing  
and smiling all the way, with such a perfect  
recklessness of all consequences to his never  
sundering principle, (each new bow and smile  
raising a hundred new men in his progress),  
that I began to fear the guardian angels of  
his neck and life had suddenly deserted their  
posts. Then came the loud roar of artillery  
all over the city, and at every new discharge  
the old hero's eyes would brighten up, as if  
he were admiring the blazing cannon at Buena  
Vista or Monterey.

The President elect is a little above the  
middle stature, with a compact frame, and  
rather stout withal. He has just completed  
his fifty-eighth year, and though his hair is  
beginning to be a little silvery in hue, he  
has none of the marks of age upon him. His  
ruddy countenance and almost wonderful ac-  
tivity, bespeak him in the enjoyment of the  
most perfect health. As he sits in the adju-  
tant of the hotel, chatting with all, his ap-  
pearance is that of a downright honest man of  
sound sense and great frankness, good hu-  
mor, and urbanity in his character. You  
would hardly take him to be one of the "whose  
names were not born to die." He has not the  
commanding figure of Scott, nor the ferocious  
bearing of that Orson of warriors, Harney.

Neither is that stamp of intellectuality upon  
his brow which marks Webster, Clay, or Cal-  
houn, among a thousand. But he has a high  
and lofty brow—that amplitude of forehead  
which proclaims the intellect within. The  
characteristic expression of his countenance  
—that which lights it up in conversation and  
makes you look to take your eyes from it—is  
benevolence. The sunlight of his heart beams  
right through it, and warms you at once to  
wards him. But such a General Taylor,  
as I have rarely, if ever, seen in a human  
being. Each particular wink of his eyes  
to fall upon you like a small flash of light-

ning, and did not the smile upon his face for-  
bid the idea, you would expect a small clap  
of thunder to follow it immediately. Know-  
ing him to be, as we do, a master in what  
the poet calls

"The art Napoleon, the mystery of commanding,"

I can easily imagine how the fires of that  
eye must kindle and flash amid the discharge  
of artillery on the battle field. I do not  
doubt it will keep a vigilant watch over the  
constitution and the best interests of the  
country. Gen. Taylor has been accustomed  
to sleep on the ground, on plank and plat-  
form, and he sleeps everywhere equally well.

I do not know that he sleeps with one eye  
open, but if he should be beset at Washing-  
ton by an army of office-holders and office-  
seekers, forcing their way into the White  
House, I should not be surprised to hear that,  
wrapping himself in his blanket, he threw  
himself on the floor, some night, near the en-  
trance of the Executive mansion, with one  
of his eagle-eyes wide open, to "see that the  
Republic receives no detriment."

Gen. Taylor is one of the most sociable men  
in the world, and when there is a large crowd  
around him, he may be seen running about,  
chatting and laughing as pleasantly as if it  
was his particular business to make every one  
happy; and you come away with the con-  
viction that he is the only man of the whole  
crowd who has not been thinking of Presi-  
dent Taylor. In a mixed assembly, he makes  
no allusion to political topics, though in a  
company of personal friends he speaks his  
mind very freely. His off-hand speeches—  
and he has made quite a number here—show  
unusual intelligence and concentration of  
thought, clothed in simple yet beautiful lan-  
guage.

(From the Philadelphia Ledger.)  
THE TEA PLANT.

In ten years we shall astonish the world  
by producing tea in the United States, supe-  
rior in quality to and cheaper in cost than the  
tea of China. This is no idle prediction. Al-  
ready we find it produced in large quantities  
and of excellent flavor in Brazil; and Mr.  
Junius Smith is now planning the shrub in one  
of our Southern States with a view to its ex-  
tensive cultivation.

Mr. Spencer Bousail, of Philadelphia, has  
been for some years engaged in superintend-  
ing a very extensive range of tea plantations  
in Assam, having some thousands of hands  
employed in the field and the factory. The  
success was perfect and Assam is now a tea  
country. This gentleman has returned to  
Philadelphia under the certain conviction that  
tea can be grown here without doubt or diffi-  
culty of any sort. We have been favored  
with a perusal of his notes which record every  
particular of his valuable experience and  
from them we are enabled to present to our  
readers such a satisfactory summary as will  
convince them that we need no protection to  
grow our own tea. Assam is the north-east-  
most part of British India, lying diagonally  
between 25 and 28 N. Lat. It is watered  
by the Brahmaputra.

The tea plant, which, in China, is a shrub,  
grows native in Assam to the height of 30  
and 40 feet. But for plantation use, it is ne-  
cessary to trim it, so that it shall not grow  
over five or six feet, to place the leaves in  
reach of the gatherer. With Yankee eye, it  
might be allowed to grow much higher.

Green and black teas are made from the  
same plant, the difference being owing to the  
manner of curing, though some leaves are al-  
lowed in making black tea which would be  
rejected in green, because of their being a  
little too old.

The wood of the tea bush is light colored  
and close grained, and it smells, when peeled  
like the black currant. The flowers are  
white and fragrant. It is very leafy. The  
green leaf is bitter, pungent and unwhor-  
some; and its decoction would be any thing but  
palatable. The seed consists of two to five  
hazelnuts, enclosed in a smooth, brown cap-  
sule. The kernel is white, oily and nauseous.

The tea plant is remarkably hardy, and it  
flourishes on the high slopes of mountains,  
where frost and snow prevail three months  
in the year! Its favorite soil in China and  
also in Assam, is the poorest yellow sandy  
loam, with carbonate of iron in analysis. Si-  
lica, 76; clay, 10; carb iron, 10; water, &c.,  
4-100. No lime.

PLANTING.—Cuttings do well. But usually  
several seeds, are, when gathered, put at once  
into shallow holes four feet apart, and al-  
lowed to grow up bush fashion. Or it is grown  
in nurseries and transplanted. In four or five  
weeks the germ appears above ground. It  
grows about a foot every.

In the third year they begin to gather the leaves; nipping off  
the end bud so to restrict its height and breadth.  
It is desirable to select hillside ground, where  
the sun shines about half the day. A good  
tree is expected to yield

At 3 years 14 oz. tea, or 187 lbs. per acre  
" 4 " 21 " 213 " "

" 5 " 4 " 500 " "

At 6 years, when it is full bearing, 6 oz tea  
or 750 lbs. per acre.

2000 trees are allowed to the acre. The  
tree lives to 50 years of age.

The process of manufacture consists chiefly  
in repeated exposure of the leaves in well-  
heated iron vessels, with quick and accurate  
manipulations, till the unguent oil is extracted  
from them, and in dexterously rolling them  
in ball-masses, to curl the leaf as we see it.  
This hand process spoils a vast deal of it, for  
the least over-tasting, or the smoking of a  
stray leaf, injures the flavor of the mass. Mr.  
Bousail contrived a machine to dispense with  
a deal of labor employed in beating the leaves  
between the cooling; by which one boy did

the work of ten men, and fully as well. He  
feels confident that the expensive hot hearth  
process can be done with far greater nicety  
by steam-heated metal plates, which would  
preserve the flavor of the most delicate teas,  
and circular wire screens, moving by steam  
power, would sort the teas easily enough.

Thus the whole manufacture is perfectly  
adapted to machinery, and Mr. Bousail thinks  
that the best teas can be produced in this  
latitude, at a cost not exceeding a shilling a  
pound!

When we say the best teas we do not wish  
to be understood to mean the best that we  
know here. For—note bene—we will let  
you into a secret, asking pardon of our tea  
drinking and chatter exhibiting friends, for  
the necessity which the conveyance of scienti-  
fic information imposes of thus letting the  
cat out of the sack.

Good tea, or rather real genuine tea at all  
is a commodity which, like the delicate and  
blushing aurora borealis, we read of every  
day, but see only once in years, and then by  
chance. Real tea begets the most refined  
and lady-like allusions to the fables of our  
neighbors; while the trash we drink gives  
our tea-table scandal all its proverbial harshness.

There is not a single box of tea, after all  
the pains taken by the country makers, that  
is not opened and extensively re-bushied  
by the Canton dealers before it is allowed to  
get into the hands of Christian barbarians.

In our cities it undergoes also a liberal be-  
Yankeeification before it reaches our tea-  
rooms; so that what is real tea is the excep-  
tion, and what is not tea is the rule.

Almost every farmer in China raises his  
own family tea, and thus escapes the adultera-  
tion.

Now we would earnestly recommend some  
of our agricultural friends to form an associa-  
tion for the cultivation and manufacture of  
tea, and to secure the aid of Mr. Bousail,  
whose character is entirely free from san-  
guine enthusiasm, and who is the only per-  
son in our country thoroughly familiar with  
tea culture in all its details. The seed is  
easily procured; of its adaptation to our soil  
there cannot be a doubt; and of its profits  
there can scarcely be much fear, while the  
risk of loss would in any case be trifling.

Our agricultural societies throughout the  
land and the governments of every State  
should be earnestly pressed to turn their at-  
tention to this matter, and to do whatever is  
in their power to promote so useful a branch  
of home industry.

ANTHAX.

RELIGION SLIGHTLY SPRINKLED WITH POLI-  
TICS.—At the late Conference of the Metho-  
dist Episcopal Church, South, held in the  
town of Elizabeth City, N. C., the Rev. Mr.  
Rosser, toward the close of a sermon pre-  
ached by him, in illustration of the mighty ac-  
complishments which perseverance had accom-  
plished, referred in his usual eloquent style,  
to the gallant Zachary Taylor leading his  
small, but Spartan Band, against the superior  
numbers of the Mexican forces; and feeling  
that enthusiasm so becoming the heart of an  
American citizen, notwithstanding he was a  
Democrat, he broke out in the following lan-  
guage: "I pray God that he may be elected!"  
Here the speaker paused, and looking over  
the congregation he saw at a glance the ef-  
fect produced. The friends of the old Gen-  
eral seemed ready for a hearty amen, whilst  
his opponents seemed awfully to fear it. He  
immediately added—"to eternal salvation by  
faith and good works." At this point the  
preacher took his seat, and immediately a  
reverend gentleman of the democratic party  
struck up the old familiar hymn, "Come all  
my partners in distress." The friends of the  
old General lost their gravity at the singular  
coincidence.

A WIT DISCOMFITED.—"We remember  
witnessing the complete disfigurement of a  
wit, of no inferior order, by a message, polit-  
ely delivered, at a supper party by a little girl:  
—"If you please, Mr. B—, mamma sends  
her compliments, and would be much obliged if  
you would begin to be funny!"—Lb.

A JEW D'ESPRI.—Somebody asked the  
Baron Rothschild to take venison—"No,"  
said the Baron, "I never eat venison; I  
don't think it is so cool as mutton."—"Oh!"  
said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your  
saying so; if mutton were not better than ve-  
nison, why does venison cost so much more?"  
—"Oh!" replied the Baron, "I will tell you  
—in dish deer to peoples always prefers  
vat ish deer to vat ish sheep!"—Theodore  
Hook's Remains.

ON SNEEZING.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;  
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;  
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;  
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart to-  
morrow;  
Sneeze on a Sunday, and the devil will have do-  
minion over you all the week!

SHAKESPEARE FRENCHIFIED.—A Frenchman  
who aspired to do the leading parts in an  
English theatre, gave the following as a spec-  
imen of his ability to play Richard the  
Third:

Now is the winter of our damnedness.  
Made into hot wadder by York's little boy.  
(That is not you call de son of York.)  
And de dark cloud which stick at top,  
Off de house in de bottom off de sea.

DR. GRAVES, in his Clinical Lectures, states,  
as a remarkable circumstance, that females  
are very rarely affected with stammering.

## QUAKER ANECDOTE.

There is a good story told of a Quaker, who  
during the last war with England owned a  
vessel, in which he had taken passage for  
home, having been to a foreign port on busi-  
ness. On the passage the vessel was over-  
hauled by a privateer. The Friend was of  
course anxious to save his property, and at  
the same time desirous of avoiding a partici-  
pation in fighting.—He said to the Captain,  
"I do not approve of fighting, but these  
must get the vessel to port safely."

He then went below. The enemy rapidly  
approached, and having fire a few times,  
came near with the intention of boarding.  
As she got along side, our Quaker friend came  
upon deck with a hatchet in his hand. One  
of the enemy had seized a rope which hap-  
pened to be hanging over the side of the ves-  
sel, and was climbing upon deck. Approach-  
ing him, the Quaker said:

"Friend, if this wants that piece of rope,  
these may have it!"

And suiting the action to the word, he cut  
off the rope and down went the poor fellow  
into the ocean. It is needless to add, that  
the privateer hauled off and her intended  
prize arrived safely at its port.—Lynn News.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.—A Canadian of this  
city who bought a patriarch of a turkey, that  
had frightened every other purchaser from  
the idea of making a jaw-fall feast of him,  
said afterwards: "I took him home—my  
wife bit him three hours, and den he crows—  
My wife put him in de pot wid taters, and he  
kick 'em all out!"—Northern Tribune,  
Bath, Me.

GEN. TAYLOR.—The editor of the New  
York Courier, on his return from Washing-  
ton, says that no man there knows, or pre-  
tends to know, whom Gen. Taylor intends  
calling into his cabinet.

A POOR ENDORSE.—A worthy, but poor  
minister, writing to a friend from the coun-  
try, requested, a few days since, the loan of  
fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank;  
and in the note requesting the favor, he said  
that if the cashier would oblige him, he would  
pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abrah-  
am. The cashier returned word "that by  
the rules of the bank, the endorser must re-  
side in the State!"—Knickerbocker.

ENGLISH THIEVES represent themselves at  
the west as traveling noblemen, "taking  
notes," which they do only by picking pockets.

Mrs. Partington says that her minister on  
Thanksgiving day, preached about "the pa-  
rody of the probable son."

A young girl intending to go and buy some  
hard soap, stopped some time at the store and  
received a great quantity of soft soap from  
the clerk.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF A MARE.—A  
Yankee veteran of the turf, John Sherman of  
Cambridge, Mass., rode his celebrated mare  
Lady Romy twenty miles within an hour, on  
Tuesday last, at the Washington Trotting  
Course. Including the old man, his saddle,  
&c., the mare had to carry over 200 pounds  
—a feat, they say, never before equalled.

SIR HENRY LYTON BULWER is, it is said,  
shortly to marry the Hon. Georgiana Wolles-  
ley, youngest daughter of the late, and sister  
of the present Lord Cowley.

An eruption of the volcano Khat, in the  
Island of Borneo, has occurred and spread  
immense destruction of man, cattle and prop-  
erty on every side.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives  
of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

FELLOW CITIZENS.—In performing the re-  
sponsible duties enjoined by the Constitu-  
tion, on the Executive of the State, a sincere  
pleasure is added to the conscientious dis-  
charge of such session of the Legislature the  
immediate representatives of the people.

To present to them in faithful and true  
position of public affairs, to suggest remedies  
for known wants, to aid in the enactment  
of such measures as the interests, happiness  
and welfare of the citizens seem to demand,  
is the gratifying task which I have, as Gov-  
ernor of the Executive department, the events  
of the past year, will not fail to teach us the  
lesson of an overruling Providence and the  
gratitude we owe as a people for the bless-  
ings which, through the wisdom of Almighty  
Godness, have been vouchsafed to the na-  
tion.

It is therefore gratifying to know, that the  
year has fully terminated, and that Peace, the  
rational desire of all, sheds again its blessings  
on every portion of our country. To the Al-  
mighty Father, who in mercy turned the  
hearts of the rulers of both countries, to lay  
aside the sword, to cultivate the spirit of  
brotherly kindness, and to establish peaceful  
relations between the citizens of their respec-  
tive governments, we owe the deepest and  
most fervent gratitude. The abundance of  
our harvests, the blessings of continued and  
general health, and the preservation of our  
civil and religious rights, as guaranteed to us  
by the free institutions of our country; while  
government, was to refer to the citizen voter  
the right of selecting at the earliest period his  
representing officer, rather than assume a pos-

should produce in our hearts a fervent ac-  
knowledge of His superintending kind-  
ness and mercy.

In the late contest with Mexico, this Com-  
monwealth was called upon by the National  
Government, to furnish a portion of the troops  
deemed necessary by the constituted authori-  
ties to carry the war to a successful issue.—  
With this requisition it is scarcely necessary  
to state, our Commonwealth complied with  
the alacrity which has heretofore distinguished  
her among her sister republics. A large  
volunteer force was instantly placed at the  
disposal of the National Government, and it